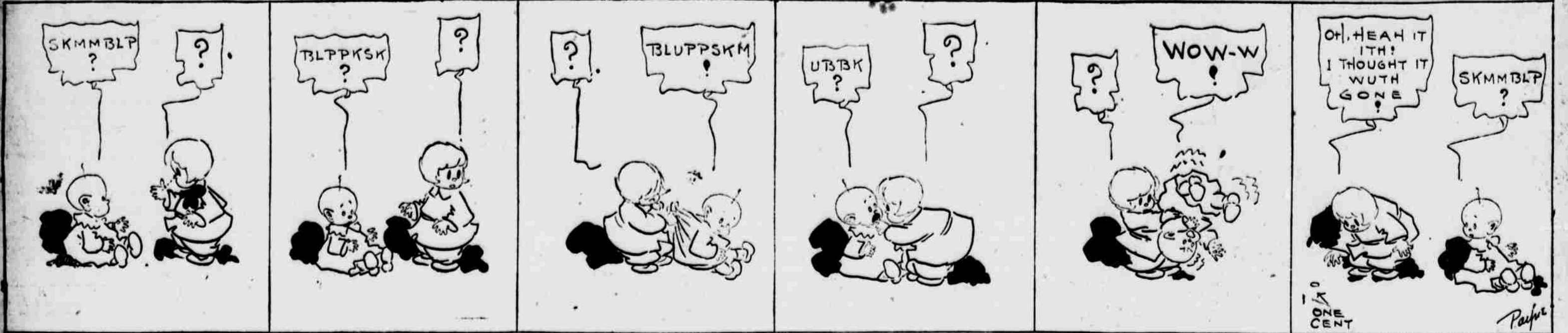


'S'MATTER, POP?'

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By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY IS A WONDER IF HE GETS AXEL ANOTHER JOB

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By Vic



The Jarr Family
By Roy L. McCardell

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NO EAST MALARIA HACK-MAN CAN BLUFF MRS. JARR.

It was decided that Mrs. Jarr should go to East Malaria for rest and recuperation. Miss Gladys Cackleberry and Miss Irene Cackleberry were to go with her, for, as both those dear girls said, "Mrs. Jarr needed every care and attention."

Mrs. Jarr lay on the sofa in the back parlor, and was being fanned. Nervous collapse always calls for a sofa and a fan. Mr. Jarr, regarded as a wretch to be tolerated because Mrs. Jarr, fond and foolish woman, loved him despite his callous nature and general unworthiness, stuck almost around.

"Maybe I'd better take Mrs. Jarr to the Jenkins in East Malaria," suggested Mr. Jarr. "You know the Jenkins. Jenkins is bookkeeper in our office downtown, and you don't know the Jenkins."

"We know people who live in Jenkins a few miles from Philadelphia," Miss Gladys Cackleberry declared. "He's all the same. No one will ever desert Mr. Jarr! And you think we could stay here one moment when Mrs. Jarr was not here to chaperon us!"

Mr. Jarr suggested they could go back home to their mother in Philadelphia.

"And leave Mrs. Jarr? No, although it spoils our visit, we go with Mrs. Jarr! They both declared."

So Mrs. Jarr and the Cackleberry girls took the 2:14 P. M. train for East Malaria. As it was raining when they arrived the hackmen refused to come out of the saloons near the depot, and the visitors to the Jenkins villa rushed to catch the trolley car. This car, however, pulled away from the station just as a train pulled in. For there are two ironclad rules by which the trolley services in such towns as East Malaria are run. The first rule is that no trolley car must reach the railroad depot except after the hour of the train to the big city has pulled out, and the second rule is that no trolley must leave the railroad depot until just as a train is about pulling in.

By this superb management suburbanites are kept in good health by being made to wait to and from the depot, and the trolley line loses about 10 per cent. of the business it might have and so stays in the hands of the trolley receiver.

The next train would not be in an hour or so and as the next trolley would only go out in time to catch that train, Mrs. Jarr and the Cackleberry girls started to walk to the Jenkins villa in that section of East Malaria known as Instalments.

They passed the main business section of East Malaria, consisting of blocks of saloons and real estate offices, when they saw a horse being made to walk to and from the depot, and real estate office and saloon. "Master, your horse has fallen down!" And a red-faced man ran toward the horse and hurriedly picked it up.

"So the Judge complimented you when you were picked for speeding?" "Yes, he said 'That fine, young man!'"

ped, then, grabbing the little boy by the ear, shouted, "He didn't fall down! You pushed him over, you little rascal!"

"How much will you charge to drive us to Mr. Jenkins's residence in Instalments Park?" asked Mrs. Jarr of the hackman.

The hackman assisted his horse to its feet with a kick and placed on his own person the flattened out cowhide trunk the horse had been wearing and mumbled that he did not want to take the animal that far in that weather.

"You are a public hackman. I see the number on that tag on the horse blanket!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I demand that you take us!"

"That ain't a hack license. It's a dog license!" declared East Malaria's leading hackman, a local political leader affectionately known as "Crimsonback Charley."

"A dog license on a horse blanket? Nonsense!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.

And she deliberately got into the rickety old hack, followed by the two Miss Cackleberrys. They had taken no part in the discussion, but their militant gaze had intimidated East Malaria's leading hackman. He looked around helplessly, awoke his horse, which had gone to sleep with its head between its knees, snapped his whip at the boy whom he had previously accused of pushing the horse over, and soon the vehicle was headed for the Jenkins villa, Instalments Park, East Malaria.

"I can't take you no nearer, there's the house," he said, after the horse had hopped about a mile, jerking the hack after it.

Mrs. Jenkins greeted the visitors with a kiss. "Oh, if I had known that hackman was driving you!" she said. "Did you notice the fur coat he has for himself and his horse? He was pound master during the anti-reform administration in East Malaria, and that's the remains of our short-haired St. Bernard dog, Rollo, collar, license-tag and all!"

SAD, BUT TRUE.

A winsome young miss in Dubuque asked for a marriage to a Duke.

"My fortune," she sighed.

"Is my face," she cried.

When the Duke gave a laque of rebuque.



HER LAST BIRTHDAY

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By Gene Byrnes



Some Good Stories of the Day

Has His Limitations.

DOWN in Zanesville, where I used to live," relates Dr. Washington Young in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "there was an old colored man who owned a mule. He had more respect for that mule than for any man, white or black, on earth. Uncle Billy claimed that the animal could do anything but talk, and that he didn't talk because he understood the superior wisdom of keeping still."

"Well, one day that mule was lost, strayed or stolen. Uncle Billy nearly had a fit. He searched diligently all day long and at the end of the day he was about ready to lie down and die. A friend tried to help him."

"Uncle Billy," he said, "why don't you advertise for that mule?"

"What's an ad?"

"Advertise. Put a piece in the paper saying that he's lost. That will bring him back if anything will."

"Uncle Billy laughed for the first time that day."

"What man," he said, between chins, "has ever or a powerful mule owner, he can't see--he. Lost him yes, he can't find him no more!"

What It Came To.

"I've figured the whole thing out, father," said Mabel, according to the Ladies' Home Journal. "The car, to begin with, will cost \$5,000, which at 8 per cent. is \$400 a year. If we charge 10 per cent. off for depreciation it will come to \$500 more. A good chauffeur can be had for \$125 a month, or \$1,500 a year. I have allowed \$10 a week for gasoline and \$5 for repairs. The chauffeur's uniform and fun will come to about \$200. Now let's see what it comes to: Three hundred plus five hundred!"

"Don't bother, my dear, I know what it comes to," said the old gentleman.

"What?" asked the girl.

"My dear," said the father impressively, "it comes to a standstill, right here and now."

Hard Work.

BOBBY was spending the afternoon "in the sun" and for some moments he had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, she told me that I must remember to be on time for school on Monday and I am going to be late!"

Denied the Insinuation.

AN ATTORNEY was cross-examining a witness.

"You say you left Boston on the 10th?" queried the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"And returned on the 20th?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were you doing in the interim?"

"I never was in such a place!" he replied indignantly, with heightened color. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

More Than Faith.

IN THAT part of Kansas where they need rain certain church congregations have united to petition for it.

"Didn't I see your husband going to church to-day?" one Kansas woman inquired of another.

"Yes, he went to ask for rain."

"His faith must be pretty strong."

"Yes, he wore his raincoat and took his umbrella and his oldest umbrella."

"It didn't rain."

"Why, but he brought back a much bigger umbrella than the one he took away!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Child Had to Wait His Turn.

A LADY in a small Alabama town had occasion to call at the cabin of her washerwoman, Aunt Betsey, one of the Southern Post. While waiting for the article she sought to be found she observed a wealthy hand which descended from under the edge of the bed and said:

Too Bright.

H E was a bright young office boy, and in the dim future saw himself sitting in the manager's chair.

"Please, sir," he said, entering the room of his chief, after being sent to deliver a note, "the lady was out and I could not deliver your message."

"Go back immediately," said his employer, impatiently. "If the lady is still out, put the note through the letter-box or under the door. Get it into the house somehow; don't bring it back here. Now be off!"

Some little time passed and the young hopeful returned with a satisfactory smile and an air of conscious pride as having overcome all difficulties and confident of rapid promotion.

"Well!" jerked out his employer.

"There was no letter-box, sir, and the note wouldn't go under the door, so I tore it up into little bits and scattered them through the keyhole."

Our hero was then shoved through the door—almost in bits—and never came back. Chronicle-Telegraph.

Forearmed.

M R. COOK was a traveling man and was slightly injured in a railroad accident.

One of the officials of the road went to his home to break the news gently to Mrs. Cook.

"Madam," he began, "be calm! Your husband has met with a slight—that is to say, one of the drive wheels of a passenger locomotive struck him on the cheek, and—"

"Well, sir," interrupted the woman, "you shouldn't come around here trying to collect any damages of me. You won't get a cent! If your company can't keep its property out of danger it'll have to take the consequences. You should have your engine insured!"—Harper's Magazine.

Meekness of Moses.

THERE was no loss between a certain pupil and the teacher of a colored school in Richmond. Moses thought the teacher was too critical, to which effect he had expressed himself more than once, with the result that he had been disciplined.

"You should never say 'I is,'" admonished the teacher one day during the course of a talk to her class.

"Yes, teacher, I is payin' attention," declared Moses.



"Mike, who gave you the black eye?"

"Nobody gave it to me. I fought for it."

in. Moses hastened to say:

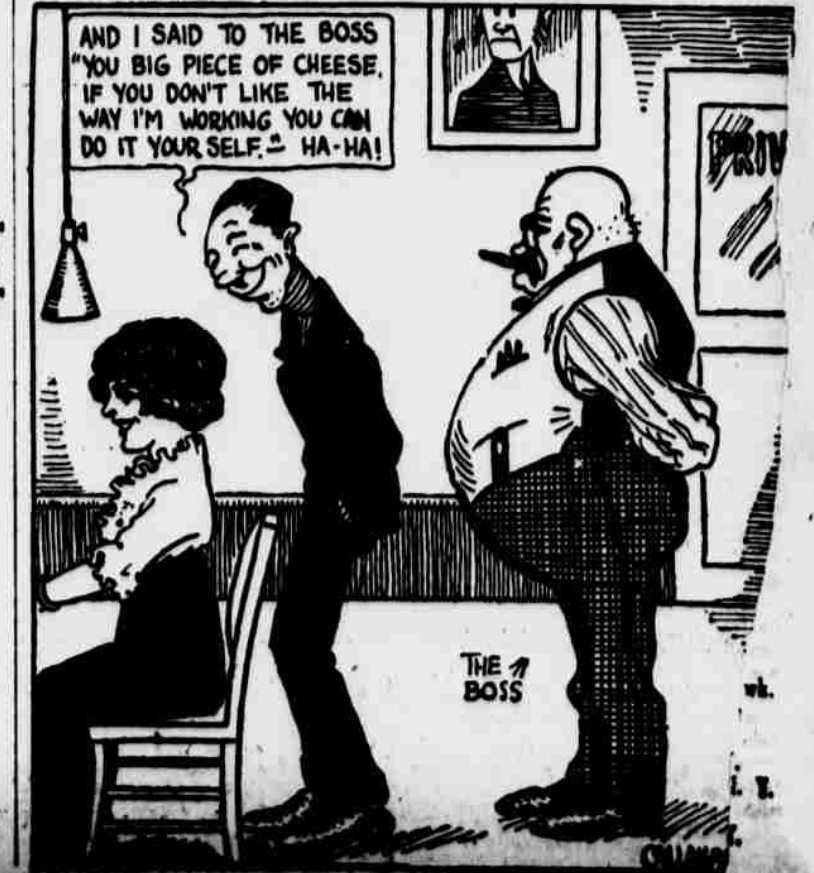
"You should not say 'I is,'" again admonished the teacher. "I have told you a thousand times. You know the correct form. There are no exceptions to its use. Give me two examples, please."

"Yes, sir," said Moses meekly. "I am one o' de letters of de alphabet, I am a pronoun,"—Harper's Magazine.

Discouraging.

H E had plastered his touched-up hair down over his bald spot, and he had assumed the sort of smile that his female friends called "childish," when he was in college. His shoes were shined, and so was his nose. And then he called on the young lady. "My object in calling on you this evening, Gertrude," he began, and then he coughed and added in a trembling voice, "I may call you Gertrude, may I not?" "Sure you can," answered the young girl. "I allow all of papa's elderly friends to call me Gertrude. The oldest of them even call me Gertie. You may say 'Gertie' if you wish. What was it you wanted to talk about?" He coughed again, and then talked about how much warmer it was in the summer of 1872.—Cleveland Leader.

THEN—HE TURNED AROUND!



AND I SAID TO THE BOSS "YOU BIG PIECE OF CHEESE. IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I'M WORKING YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF." HA-HA!

